MARVEL

THE ARMS OF
THE OCTOPUS
PART 3 OF 3

001

WHILE UNWINDING IN NEW YORK CITY, THE ALL-NEW X-MEN WERE ATTACKED BY A GAMMA-IRRADIATED, YOUNG DOCTOR OCTOPUS. JOINED BY THE SUPERIOR SPIDER-MAN, THEY MANAGED TO DEFEAT HIM.
TO DETERMINE THE SEEMINGLY TIME-DISPLACED DOC OCK'S ORIGIN, THEY CALLED IN HELP IN THE FORM OF BRUCE BANNER. HOWEVER, THEY WERE SOON ATTACKED BY AN ENEMY FROM BANNER'S PAST--THE ABOMINATION.
ONCE THE HULK DISPATCHED HIS LATE FOE, THEY DISCOVERED THESE ENEMIES TO BE ROBOTS BUILT BY BEAST'S FORMER PROFESSOR, DR. JUDE.
HIS RUSE UNCOVERED, DR. JUDE SUDDENLY DETONATED THE HELICOPTER CARRYING SPIDER-MAN AND THE X-MEN!

WITH MERCY FOR THE GREEDY

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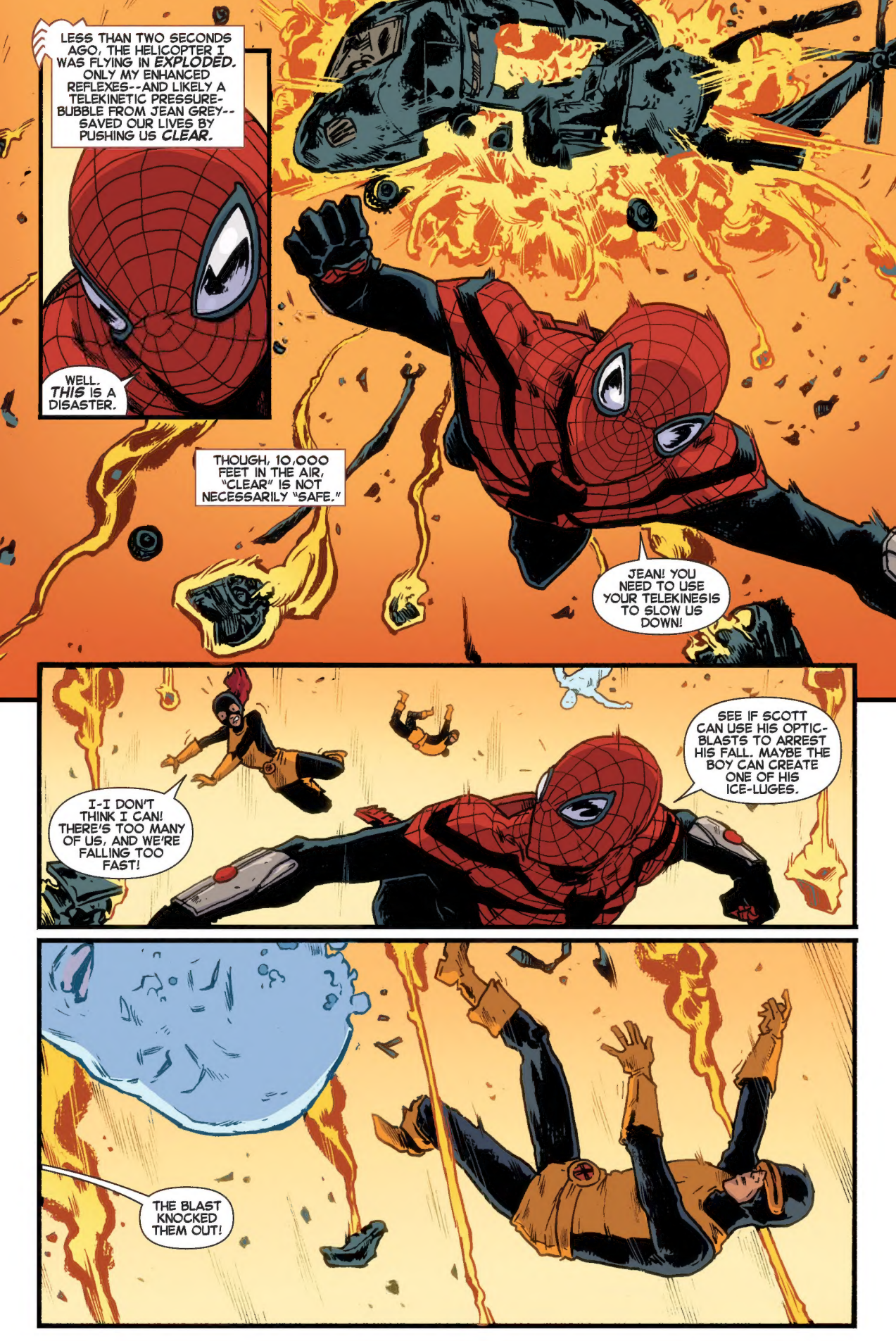
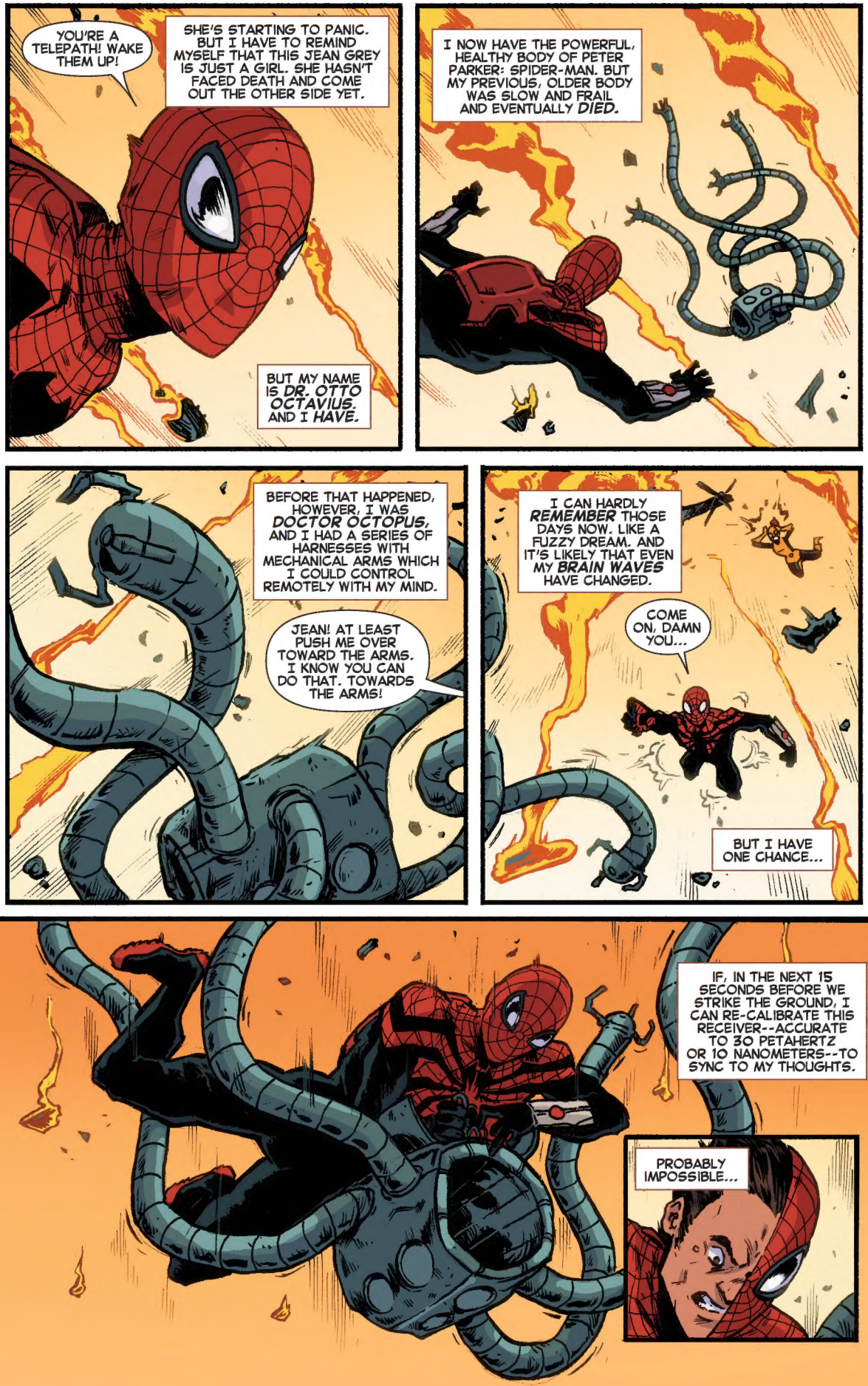

LESS THAN TWO SECONDS AGO, THE HELICOPTER I WAS FLYING IN EXPLODED. ONLY MY ENHANCED REFLEXES--AND LIKELY A TELEKINETIC PRESSURE-BUBBLE FROM JEAN GREY--SAVED OUR LIVES BY PUSHING US CLEAR.
WELL. THIS IS A DISASTER.
THOUGH, 10,000 FEET IN THE AIR, "CLEAR" IS NOT NECESSARILY "SAFE."
JEAN! YOU NEED TO USE YOUR TELEKINESIS TO SLOW US DOWN!
I-I DON'T THINK I CAN! THERE'S TOO MANY OF US, AND WE'RE FALLING TOO FAST!
SEE IF SCOTT CAN USE HIS OPTIC-BLASTS TO ARREST HIS FALL. MAYBE THE BOY CAN CREATE ONE OF HIS ICE-LUGES.
THE BLAST KNOCKED THEM OUT!

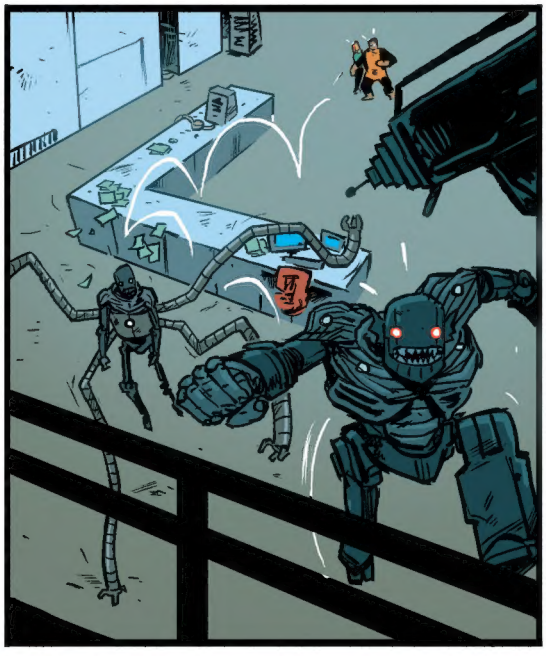

YOU'RE A TELEPATH! WAKE THEM UP!
SHE'S STARTING TO PANIC. BUT I HAVE TO REMIND MYSELF THAT THIS JEAN GREY IS JUST A GIRL. SHE HASN'T FACED DEATH AND COME OUT THE OTHER SIDE YET.
BUT MY NAME IS DR. OTTO OCTAVIUS. AND I HAVE.
I NOW HAVE THE POWERFUL, HEALTHY BODY OF PETER PARKER: SPIDER-MAN. BUT MY PREVIOUS, OLDER BODY WAS SLOW AND FRAIL AND EVENTUALLY DIED.
BEFORE THAT HAPPENED, HOWEVER, I WAS DOCTOR OCTOPUS, AND I HAD A SERIES OF HARNESSES WITH MECHANICAL ARMS WHICH I COULD CONTROL REMOTELY WITH MY MIND.
JEAN! AT LEAST PUSH ME OVER TOWARD THE ARMS. I KNOW YOU CAN DO THAT. TOWARDS THE ARMS!
I CAN HARDLY REMEMBER THOSE DAYS NOW. LIKE A FUZZY DREAM. AND IT'S LIKELY THAT EVEN MY BRAIN WAVES HAVE CHANGED.
COME ON, DAMN YOU...
BUT I HAVE ONE CHANCE...
IF, IN THE NEXT 15 SECONDS BEFORE WE STRIKE THE GROUND, I CAN RE-CALIBRATE THIS RECEIVER--ACCURATE TO 30 PETAHERTZ OR 10 NANOMETERS--TO SYNC TO MY THOUGHTS.
PROBABLY IMPOSSIBLE...

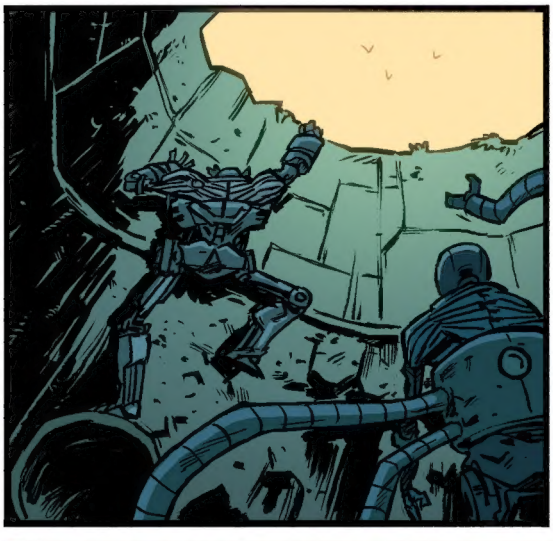
BUT I *DID* DESIGN THIS THING.
ANYTHING YOU CAN DO TO SLOW US DOWN WOULD BE MUCH APPRECIATED, YOUNG LADY.

IT TAKES ALL THE TENSILE STRENGTH OF THE HEAVILY-REINFORCED ARMS TO ABSORB THE SHOCK OF IMPACT.
EVEN SO, IT'S NOT THE LIGHTEST LANDING. BUT WE SURVIVED.
OW.
OKAY, WE'RE SAFE. YOU CAN WAKE THEM UP NOW.
TOO BAD I DIDN'T MAKE THE ACTUAL HARNESS STURDIER. THIS WAS LIKELY THE LAST ONE EXTANT, AND IT COULD HAVE BEEN A GREAT ASSET IN MY CAMPAIGN TO BE THE SUPERIOR SPIDER-MAN.
FZT
PSH
OW. WHAT HAPPENED?
ACTUALLY... MORE IMPORTANT QUESTION:
WHERE ARE WE...?

SO DR. JUDE--MY TEACHER--HAS SPENT GOD KNOWS HOW MANY YEARS BUILDING MECHANICAL REPLICAS OF SUPER VILLAINS, WHOM HE THEN HAS ATTACK HIS OWN LAB IN AN EFFORT TO CONVINCE US THEY ARE TIME-TRAVELERS FROM THE PAST.
WHY?
COULDN'T SAY. YOU DIDN'T HAPPEN TO FIND A JOURNAL AROUND HERE, EXPLAINING HIS MOTIVES AND PLANS, DID YOU? THOSE THINGS ARE VERY CONVENIENT.
ACTUALLY... THERE IS A JOURNAL HERE.
WAIT-- SERIOUSLY?!
THIS IS DEFINITELY DR. JUDE'S HANDWRITING... BUT THIS IS ALL A LOT OF COMPLEX MATH.
OF COURSE. NOTHING'S EASY.

WELL, I'LL TRY TO CRACK WHATEVER THIS IS ABOUT. SEE IF YOU CAN FIND ANY OTHER CLUES AS TO WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN GOING ON IN HIS HEAD.
MAN. THESE THINGS SURE ARE CREEPY.
THOSE APPEAR TO BE EARLY PROTOTYPES. LIKELY INACTIVE FOR YEARS.
KRK
GYAH!
EEEHUH!
GET BEHIND ME!





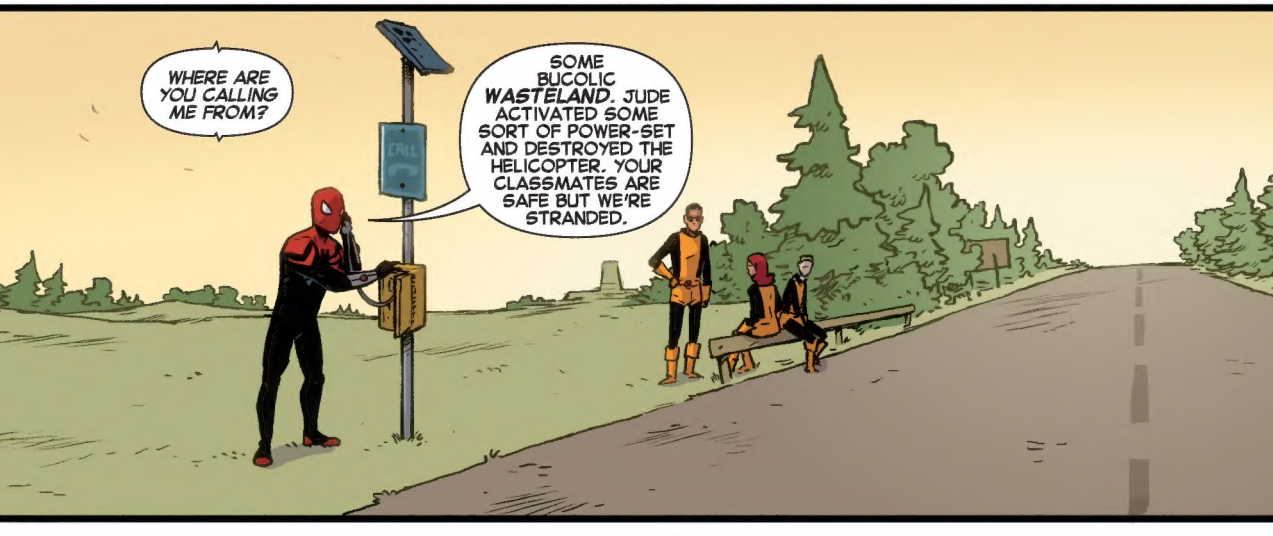
WELL, TIME TO CHANGE MY UNDERWEAR.
THEY'RE GONE.

SHOULD WE GO AFTER THEM?
THEY WERE MOVING AT 70 MILES PER HOUR AT LEAST. WE--
RING!

RING!

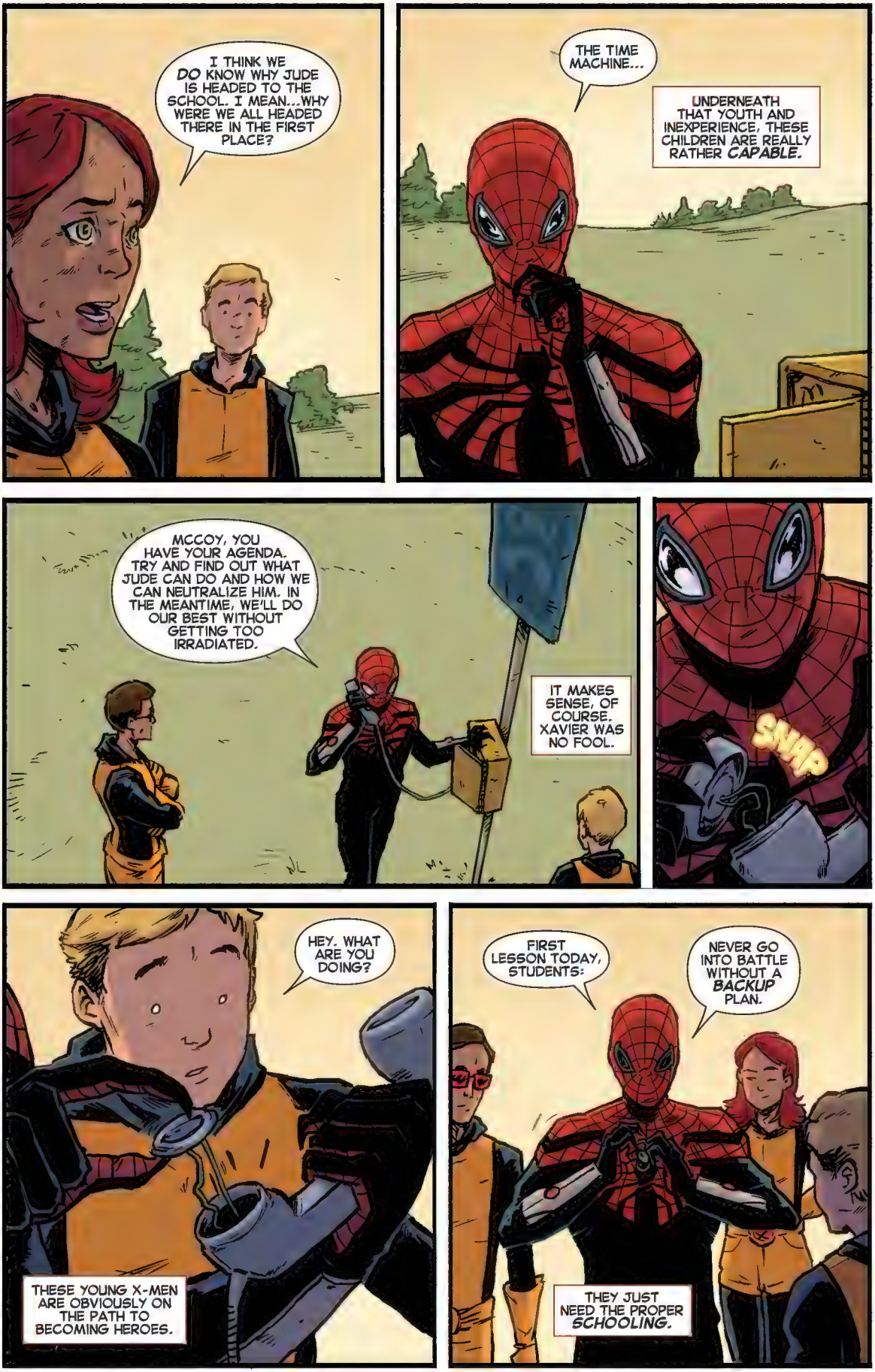
...CAN'T BELIEVE NONE OF YOU TEENAGERS HAVE A CELLPHONE.
UH... HELLO?
MCCOY. IT'S SPIDER-MAN.

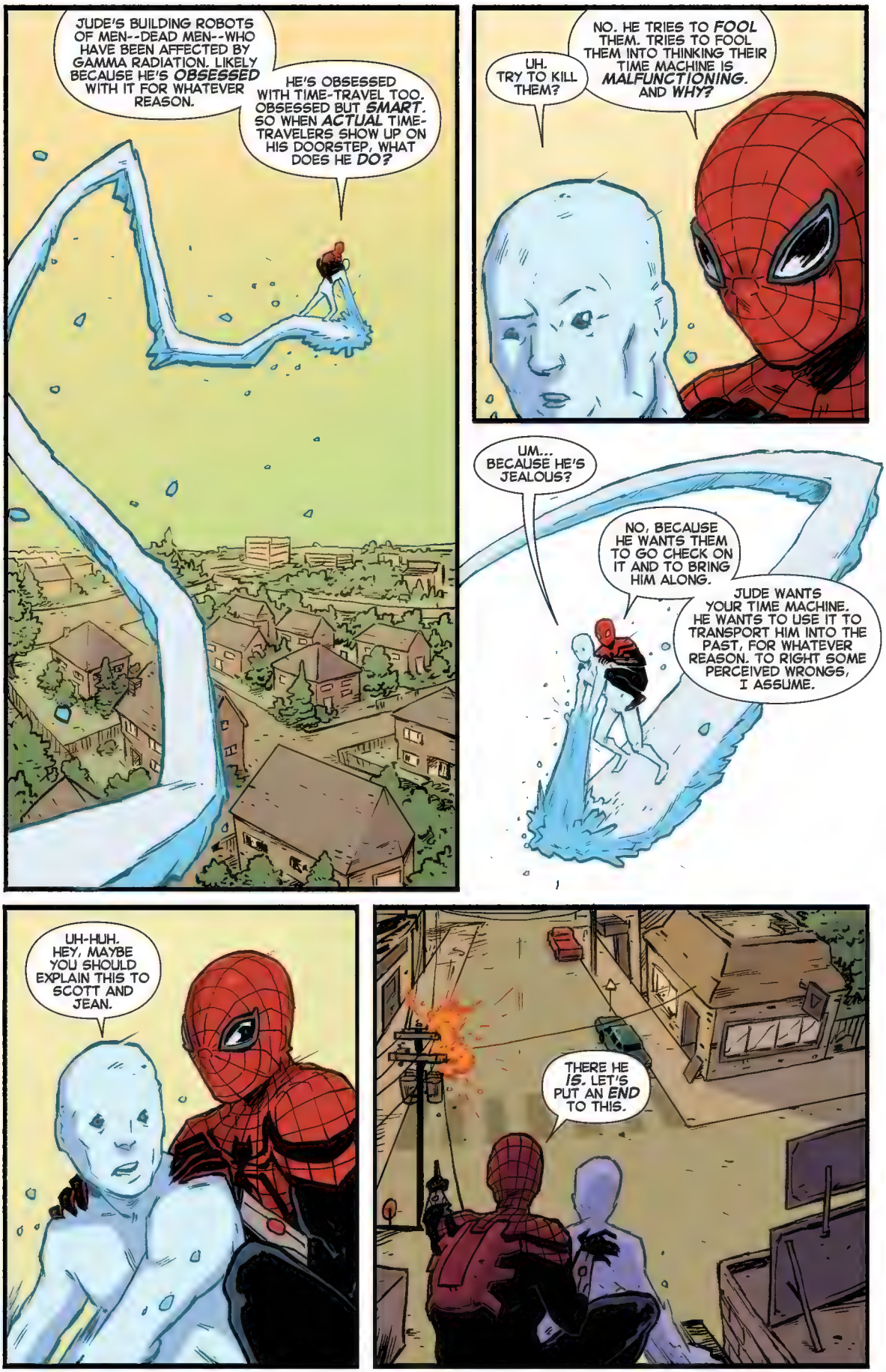
HOW DID YOU HAVE THIS NUMBER?
IT'S JUDE'S OFFICE LINE, MCCOY. I MEMORIZED THE LOSCHMIDT CONSTANT WHEN I WAS FIVE. I CAN REMEMBER A SEVEN-NUMBER SEQUENCE.


WHERE ARE YOU CALLING ME FROM?
SOME BUCOLIC WASTELAND. JUDE ACTIVATED SOME SORT OF POWER-SET AND DESTROYED THE HELICOPTER. YOUR CLASSMATES ARE SAFE BUT WE'RE STRANDED.

WHERE'S JUDE?
UNKNOWN. BUT IT'S UNLIKELY HE'D DO WHAT HE DID IF HE WASN'T CERTAIN HE'D SURVIVE. AND WE HAVE TO ASSUME HE'S HEADING FOR YOUR SCHOOL.

HANK, THIS IS SERIOUS. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT JUDE'S AGENDA IS. WE DON'T KNOW IF HE'S A MUTANT-HATER, OR MAYBE A MUTANT HIMSELF.
WE NEED YOU TO FIGURE THIS OUT FOR US. WE'LL TRY TO SLOW HIM DOWN, BUT YOU FIND US A WAY TO STOP HIM.
GUYS...

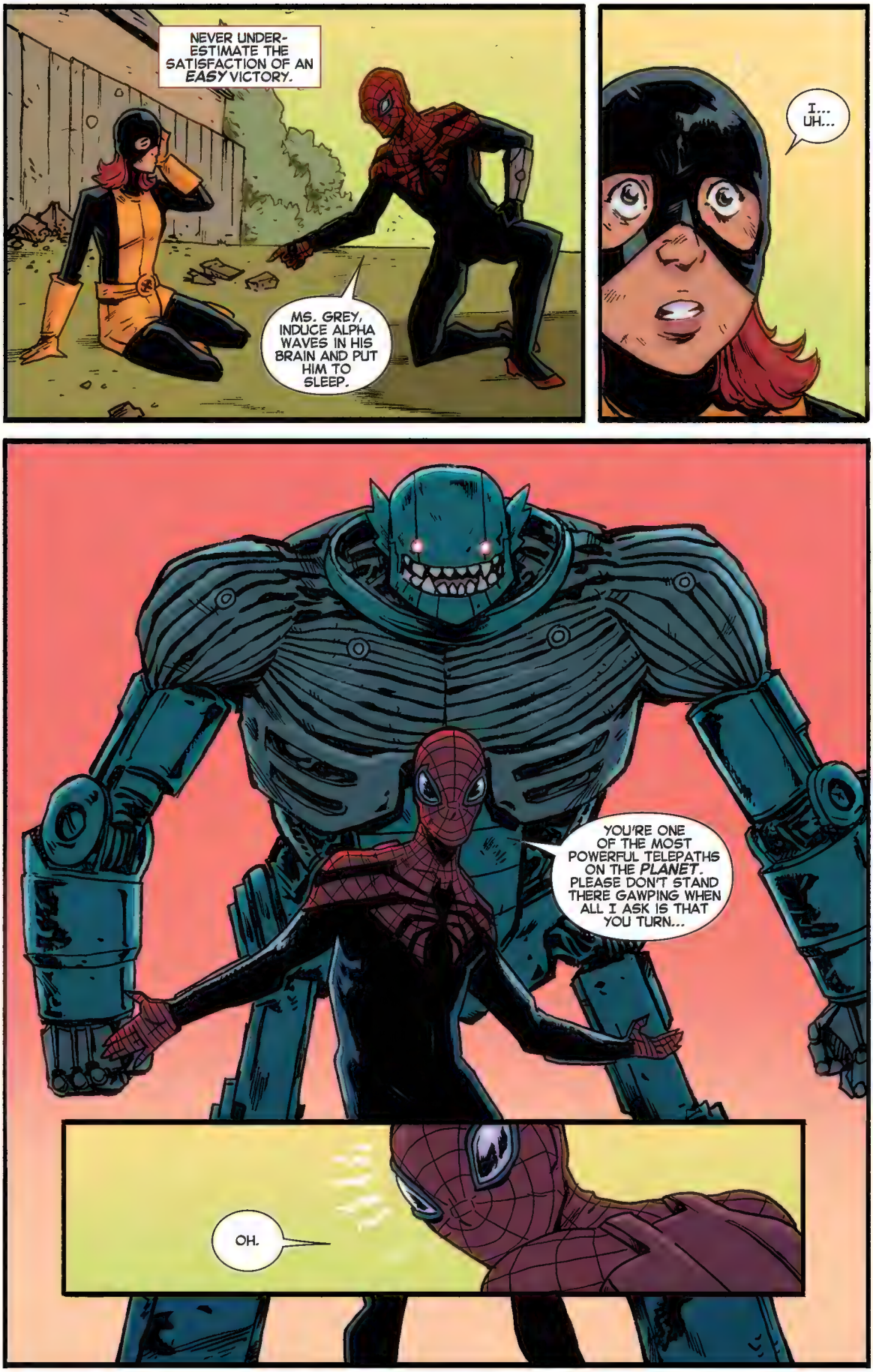

I THINK WE DO KNOW WHY JUDE IS HEADED TO THE SCHOOL. I MEAN...WHY WERE WE ALL HEADED THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE?
THE TIME MACHINE...
UNDERNEATH THAT YOUTH AND INEXPERIENCE, THESE CHILDREN ARE REALLY RATHER CAPABLE.
MCCOY, YOU HAVE YOUR AGENDA. TRY AND FIND OUT WHAT JUDE CAN DO AND HOW WE CAN NEUTRALIZE HIM. IN THE MEANTIME, WE'LL DO OUR BEST WITHOUT GETTING TOO IRRADIATED.
IT MAKES SENSE, OF COURSE. XAVIER WAS NO FOOL.
SNAP
HEY. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
THESE YOUNG X-MEN ARE OBVIOUSLY ON THE PATH TO BECOMING HEROES.
FIRST LESSON TODAY, STUDENTS:
NEVER GO INTO BATTLE WITHOUT A BACKUP PLAN.
THEY JUST NEED THE PROPER SCHOOLING.


JUDE'S BUILDING ROBOTS OF MEN--DEAD MEN--WHO HAVE BEEN AFFECTED BY GAMMA RADIATION. LIKELY BECAUSE HE'S OBSESSED WITH IT FOR WHATEVER REASON.
HE'S OBSESSED WITH TIME-TRAVEL TOO. OBSESSED BUT SMART. SO WHEN ACTUAL TIME-TRAVELERS SHOW UP ON HIS DOORSTEP, WHAT DOES HE DO?
UH. TRY TO KILL THEM?
NO. HE TRIES TO FOOL THEM. TRIES TO FOOL THEM INTO THINKING THEIR TIME MACHINE IS MALFUNCTIONING. AND WHY?
UM... BECAUSE HE'S JEALOUS?
NO, BECAUSE HE WANTS THEM TO GO CHECK ON IT AND TO BRING HIM ALONG.
JUDE WANTS YOUR TIME MACHINE. HE WANTS TO USE IT TO TRANSPORT HIM INTO THE PAST, FOR WHATEVER REASON. TO RIGHT SOME PERCEIVED WRONGS, I ASSUME.
UH-HUH. HEY, MAYBE YOU SHOULD EXPLAIN THIS TO SCOTT AND JEAN.
THERE HE IS. LET'S PUT AN END TO THIS.

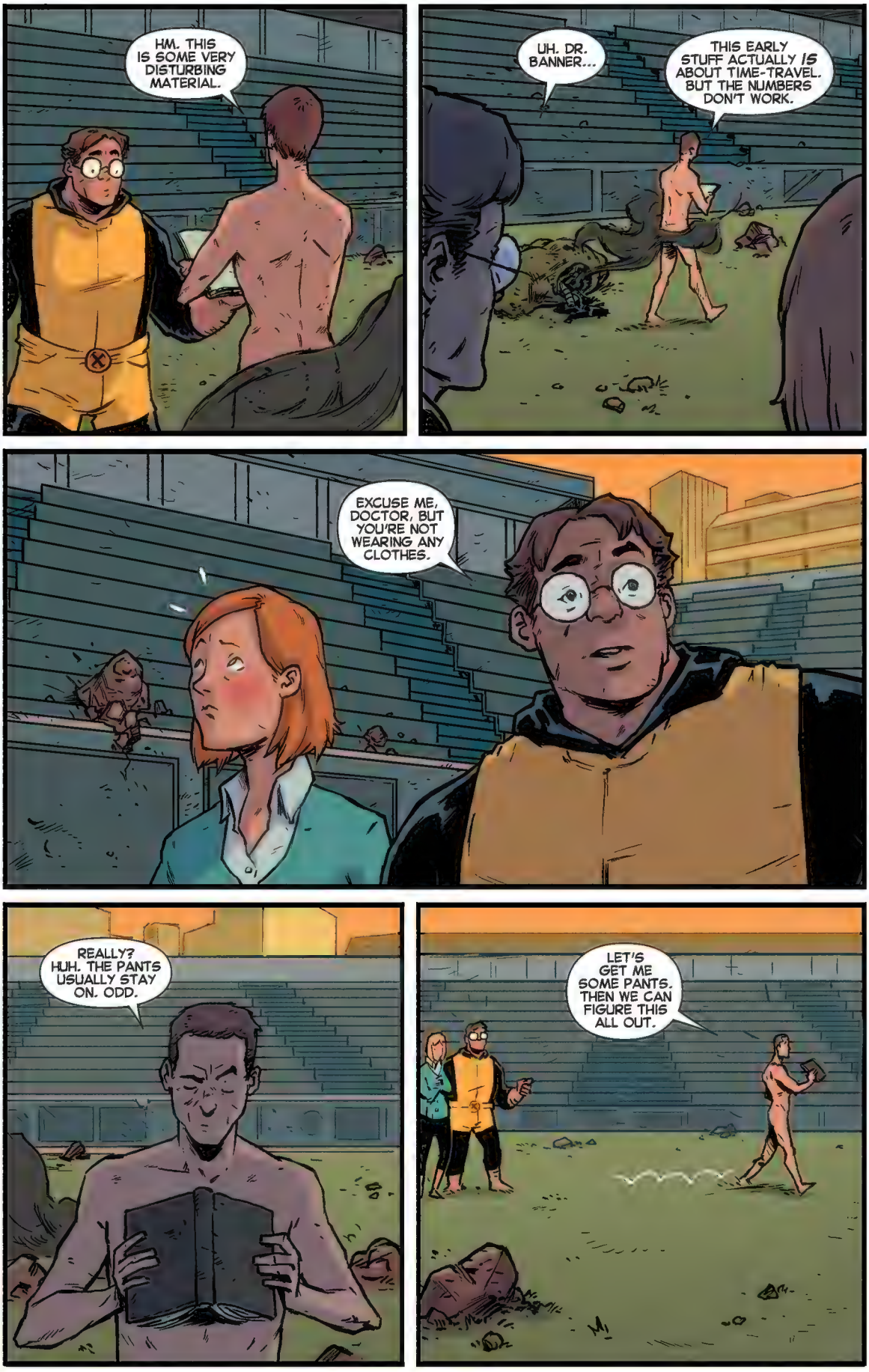
THE EXCESS RADIATION JUDE IS THROWING OFF IS OVERLOADING THE TRANSFORMERS.
OUT OF THE WAY, YOKEL!
WELL THAT'S ANNOYING.
IT'S GOING TO PLAY HELL WITH ALL KINDS OF ELECTRONICS IN THE AREA.
ZZZRRRRKKZZZ
GET OUT OF THE CAR!
WHAT IN--
HOW DID YOU SURVIVE?

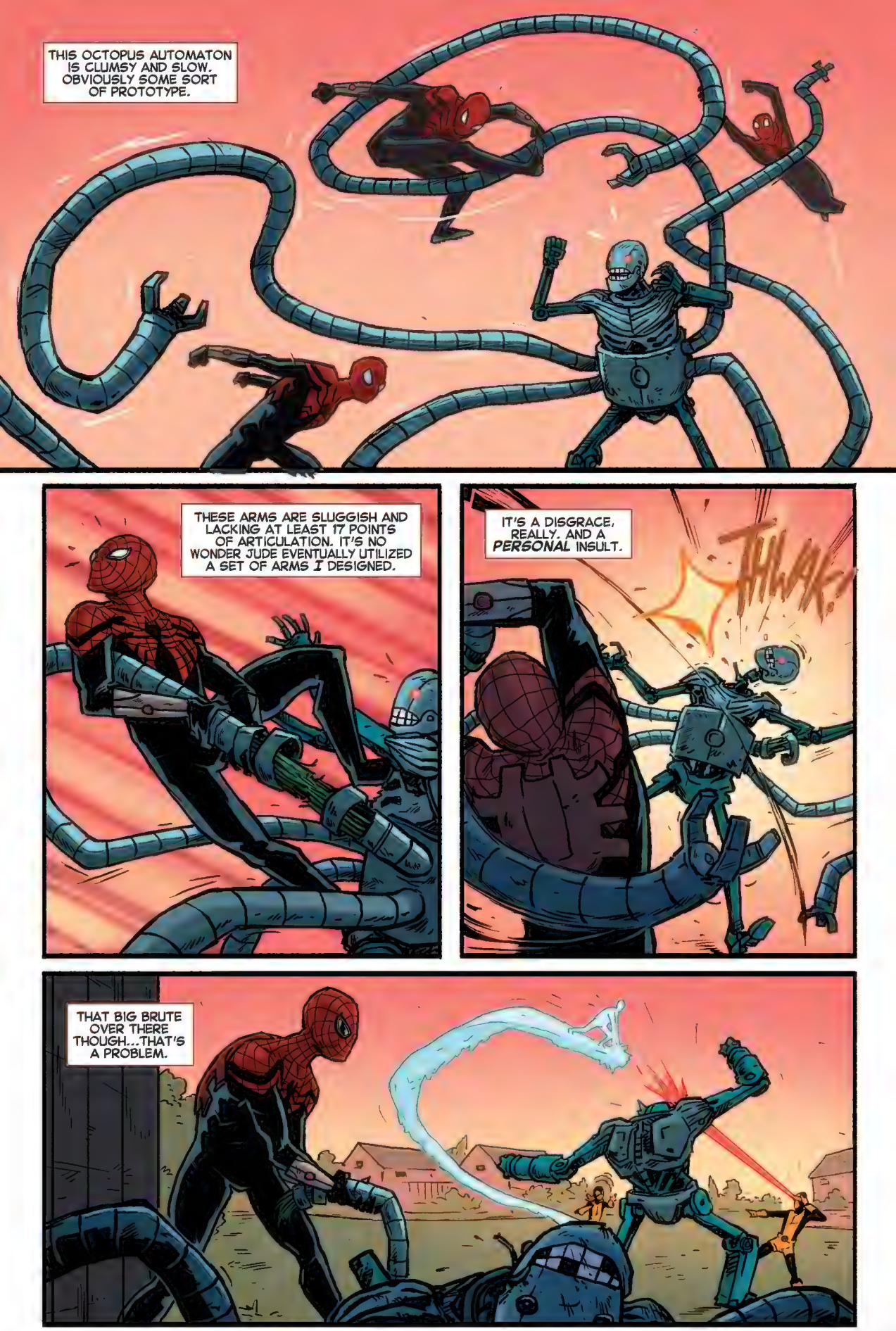
THIS MAN WALKED AWAY FROM AN EXPLODING HELICOPTER WITHOUT A SCRATCH.
CYCLOPS. GET HIM OUT OF THE CAR.
NO REASON TO PLAY NICELY.
ALL RIGHT, STUDENTS...
LET'S TAKE HIM DOWN!

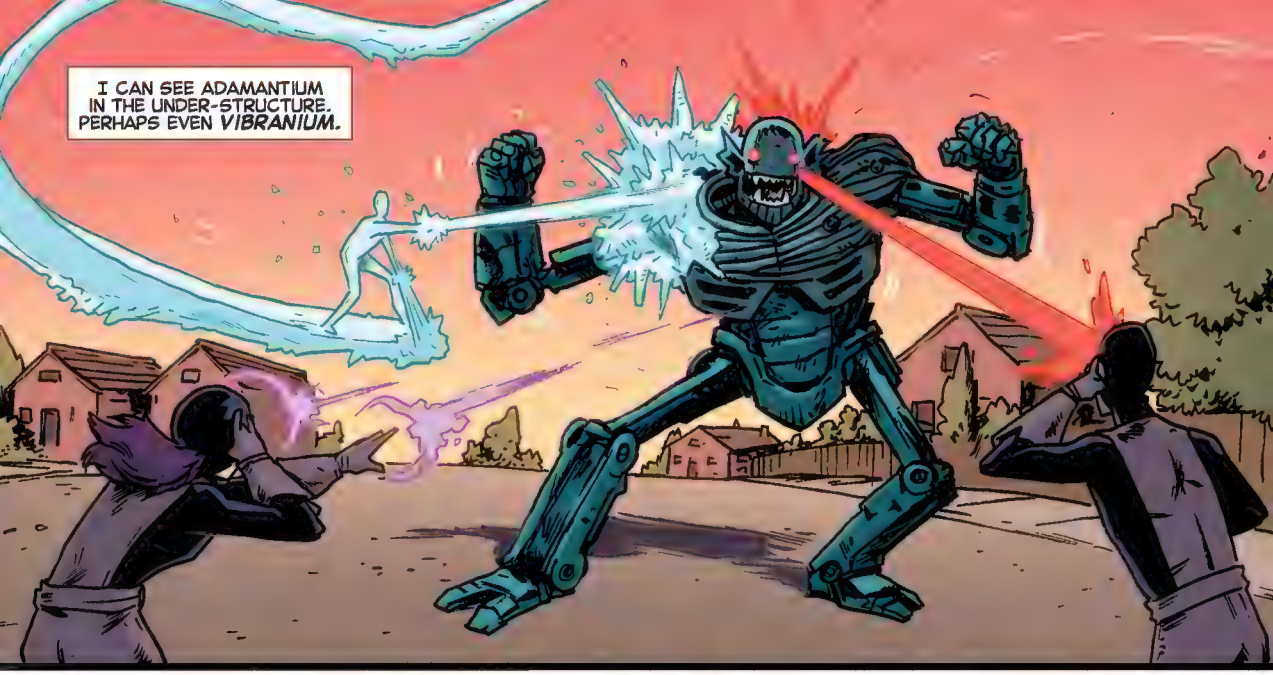
OW. WELL, THAT WAS FOOLISH.
I MUST NOT LET MY ANGER MAKE ME *RECKLESS.*

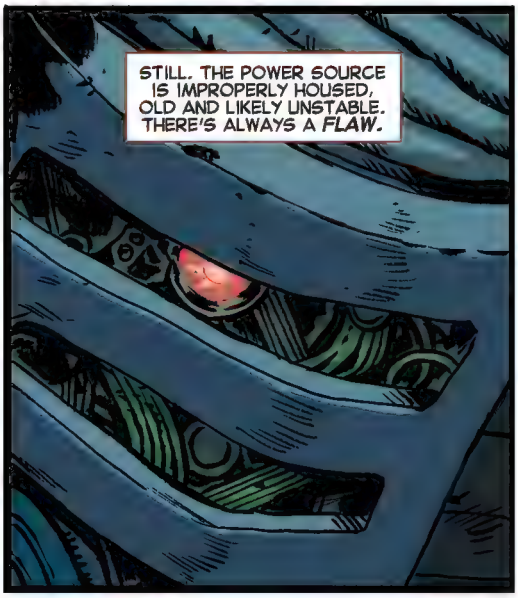

NEVER UNDER-ESTIMATE THE SATISFACTION OF AN *EASY* VICTORY.
MS. GREY, INDUCE ALPHA WAVES IN HIS BRAIN AND PUT HIM TO SLEEP.
I... UH...
YOU'RE ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL TELEPATHS ON THE *PLANET*. PLEASE DON'T STAND THERE GAWPING WHEN ALL I ASK IS THAT YOU TURN...
OH.

DR. BANNER?
DR. BANNER... I'M SORRY TO DISTURB YOU BUT WE NEED YOUR HELP WITH THESE NUMBERS. SOME OF IT IS JUST BEYOND US.
MPH.
UGH, MY HEAD...
HUH. A ROBOT. WELL... THAT DOESN'T REALLY EXPLAIN ANYTHING.
WE THINK THE EXPLANATIONS MIGHT BE IN THIS *JOURNAL*. JUDE CLEARLY BUILT THESE THINGS, AND SPENT A LONG TIME DOING IT. ALSO, HE HAS META-HUMAN ABILITIES OF HIS OWN. WE NEED TO FIND OUT WHAT HE CAN DO AND WHAT HE WANTS.

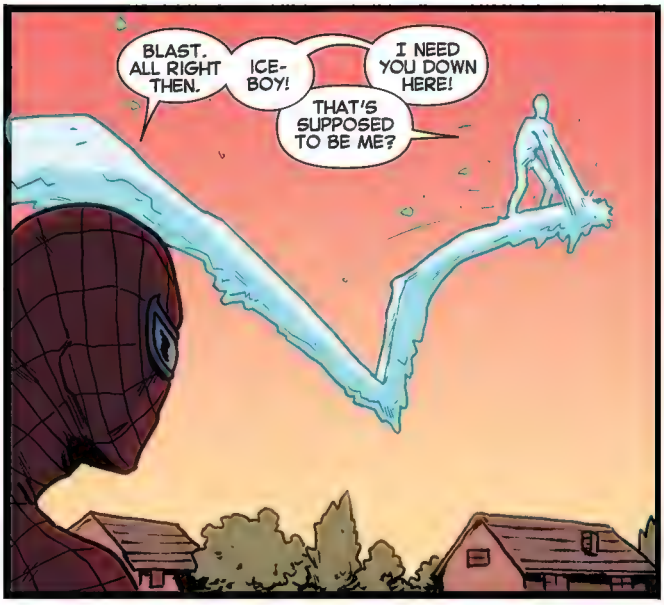

HM. THIS IS SOME VERY DISTURBING MATERIAL.
UH. DR. BANNER...
THIS EARLY STUFF ACTUALLY IS ABOUT TIME-TRAVEL. BUT THE NUMBERS DON'T WORK.
EXCUSE ME, DOCTOR, BUT YOU'RE NOT WEARING ANY CLOTHES.
REALLY? HUH. THE PANTS USUALLY STAY ON. ODD.
LET'S GET ME SOME PANTS. THEN WE CAN FIGURE THIS ALL OUT.


THIS OCTOPUS AUTOMATON IS CLUMSY AND SLOW. OBVIOUSLY SOME SORT OF PROTOTYPE.
THESE ARMS ARE SLUGGISH AND LACKING AT LEAST 17 POINTS OF ARTICULATION. IT'S NO WONDER JUDE EVENTUALLY UTILIZED A SET OF ARMS I DESIGNED.
IT'S A DISGRACE, REALLY. AND A PERSONAL INSULT.
THWAK!
THAT BIG BRUTE OVER THERE THOUGH...THAT'S A PROBLEM.


I CAN SEE ADAMANTIUM IN THE UNDER-STRUCTURE. PERHAPS EVEN *VIBRANIUM.*

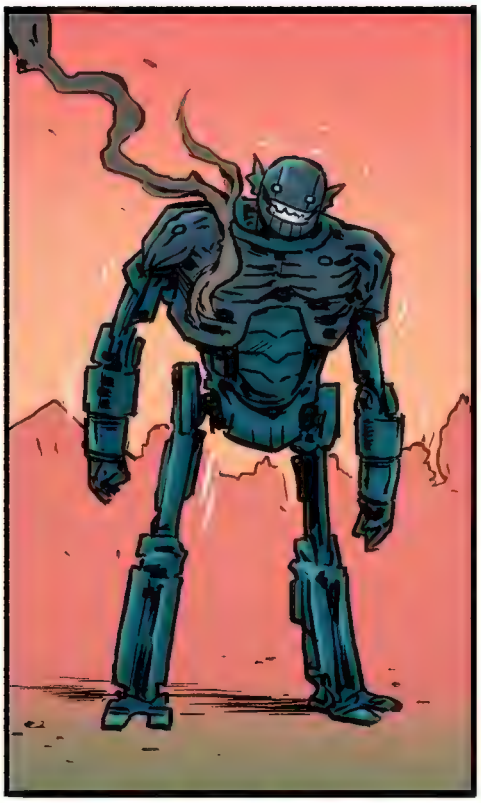

STILL. THE POWER SOURCE IS IMPROPERLY HOUSED, OLD AND LIKELY UNSTABLE. THERE'S ALWAYS A *FLAW.*

CYCLOPS! THERE'S A GAP IN THAT THING'S "RIBS" ABOUT TWO CENTIMETERS ACROSS. BEHIND IT IS THE POWER SOURCE. I NEED YOU TO SHOOT IT OUT AND END THIS.
NOT POSSIBLE. I CAN'T DILATE MY BEAM THAT NARROW. THE SMALLEST I CAN GET IS FOUR.


BLAST. ALL RIGHT THEN.
ICE-BOY!
I NEED YOU DOWN HERE!
THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE ME?

YOU HAVE TO FREEZE AN INVERTED CONE WITH LENSING TO THESE EXACT DIMENSIONS. DO YOU SEE THIS? THIS MUST BE MILLIMETER-PRECISE. AND AS DENSE AND TRANSPARENT AS YOU CAN MAKE IT.
YEAH. I CAN'T DO THAT.

HELL'S BELLS! YOU CHILDREN LIVE IN A SCHOOL!
JEEZ! OKAY!
HERE, OKAY? THIS IS AS GOOD AS I GOT.
THIS...IS ACTUALLY NOT BAD. YOU SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO WHEN YOU APPLY YOURSELF?
YEAH. WHATEVER, MAN. TRY APPLYING YOURSELF TO NOT HAVING A STROKE.
THE SUMMERS BOY'S BEAM ISN'T A LASER BUT A FORCE BLAST.
THE ICE WILL CERTAINLY SHATTER, BUT IF I'M RIGHT...THE INSTANT BEFORE IT DOES...
CYCLOPS! NOW!

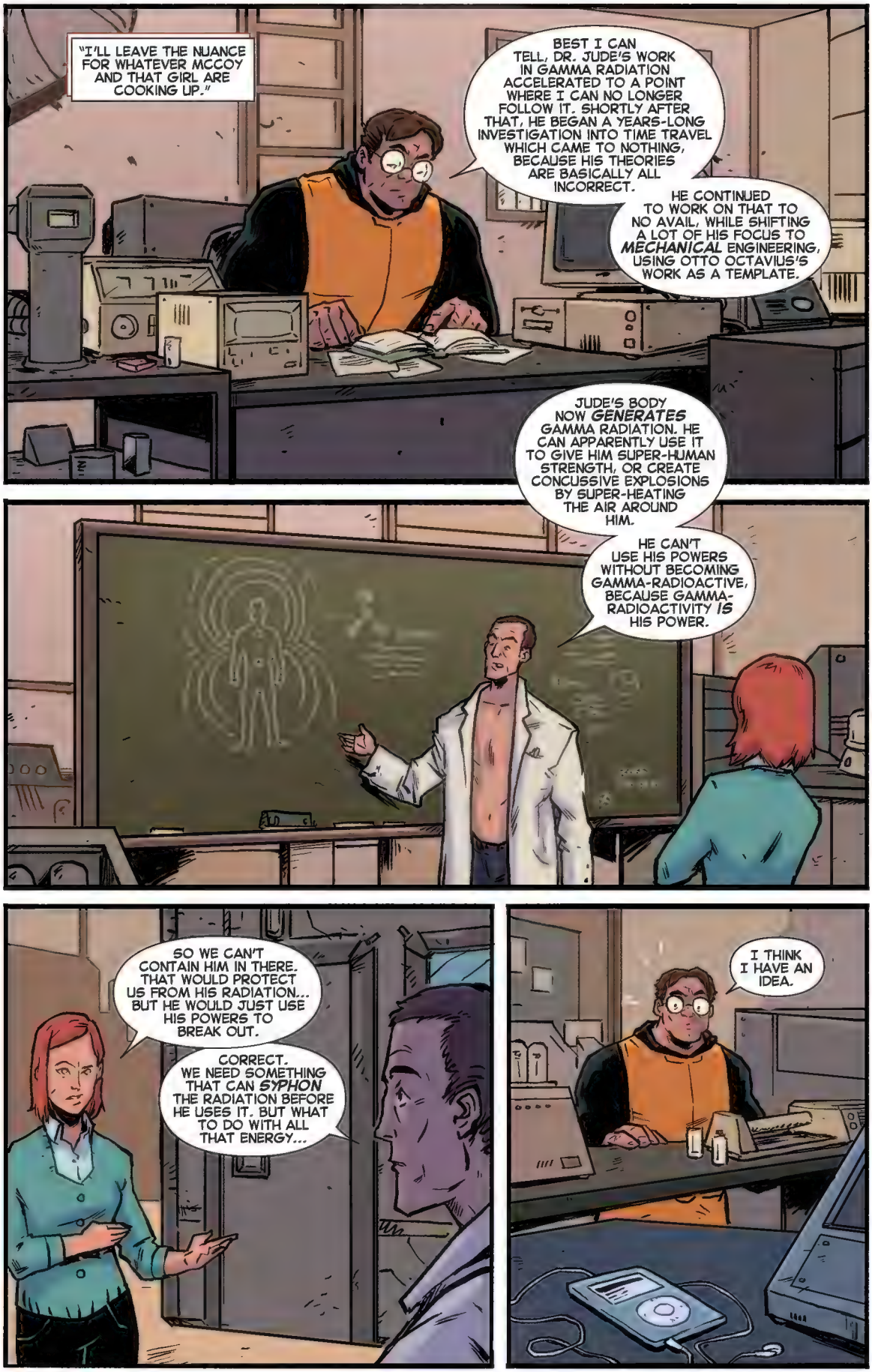


KLANG!

NOT BAD, STUDENTS. YOU HAVE COURAGE, AND YOU HAVE REMARKABLE POWERS AND YOU'RE LEARNING TO USE THOSE POWERS IN MORE NUANCED AND CREATIVE WAYS.
THANK YOU, SPIDER-MAN. BUT WE NEED A BETTER PLAN. JEAN, I ASSUME ALL THE RADIATION IS INTERFERING WITH YOUR TELEPATHY.
IT IS. BUT MY TELEKINESIS IS STILL VIABLE. I CAN TRY TO PINCH OFF HIS CAROTID ARTERIES UNTIL HE PASSES OUT.

GOOD. AND BOBBY--
I CAN FREEZE HIM!
YOU'RE PROBABLY BETTER UTILIZED PUTTING OUT FIRES AND PREVENTING CIVILIAN CASUALTIES.
ALSO TOTALLY COOL.
SPIDER-MAN--

I'M GOING TO PUMMEL HIM WITH ALL MY STRENGTH UNTIL HE FALLS DOWN.
NOT VERY "NUANCED."
KAK!
THIS MAN INSULTED ME PERSONALLY...

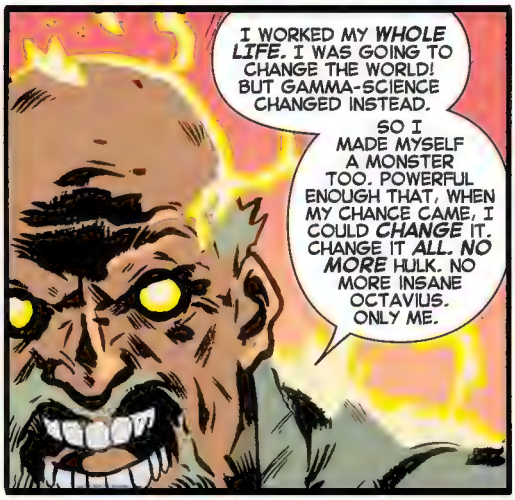

"I'LL LEAVE THE NUANCE FOR WHATEVER MCCOY AND THAT GIRL ARE COOKING UP."
BEST I CAN TELL, DR. JUDE'S WORK IN GAMMA RADIATION ACCELERATED TO A POINT WHERE I CAN NO LONGER FOLLOW IT. SHORTLY AFTER THAT, HE BEGAN A YEARS-LONG INVESTIGATION INTO TIME TRAVEL WHICH CAME TO NOTHING, BECAUSE HIS THEORIES ARE BASICALLY ALL INCORRECT.
HE CONTINUED TO WORK ON THAT TO NO AVAIL, WHILE SHIFTING A LOT OF HIS FOCUS TO *MECHANICAL* ENGINEERING, USING OTTO OCTAVIUS'S WORK AS A TEMPLATE.
JUDE'S BODY NOW *GENERATES* GAMMA RADIATION. HE CAN APPARENTLY USE IT TO GIVE HIM SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH, OR CREATE CONCUSSIVE EXPLOSIONS BY SUPER-HEATING THE AIR AROUND HIM.
HE CAN'T USE HIS POWERS WITHOUT BECOMING GAMMA-RADIOACTIVE, BECAUSE GAMMA-RADIOACTIVITY *IS* HIS POWER.
SO WE CAN'T CONTAIN HIM IN THERE. THAT WOULD PROTECT US FROM HIS RADIATION... BUT HE WOULD JUST USE HIS POWERS TO BREAK OUT.
CORRECT. WE NEED SOMETHING THAT CAN *SYPHON* THE RADIATION BEFORE HE USES IT. BUT WHAT TO DO WITH ALL THAT ENERGY...
I THINK I HAVE AN IDEA.

THE GAME IS OVER, JUDE. I'VE DEDUCED YOUR PLAN, AND THERE'S NO WAY YOU'LL EVER GET NEAR THAT TIME MACHINE.
OH, I DON'T KNOW. IT'S IN A SCHOOL, I'M A TEACHER WHO SPECIALIZES IN CHRONAL SCIENCES. EVEN WITHOUT AN ESCORT, I BELIEVE I COULD TALK MY WAY IN TO SEEING IT.
YOUR ARROGANCE, JUDE. THAT WILL BE YOUR UNDOING.
I'LL KEEP THAT IN MIND.
POW!
UH-OH.
OKAY, X-MEN.
IT'S DO OR DIE!

I THINK WE'VE DONE IT. GREAT JOB, DR. MCCOY. BRILLIANT IDEA.
THAT'S IF IT *WORKS.*
IT CERTAINLY *SHOULD.* I'VE CHECKED YOUR MATH ON THIS. (INCIDENTALLY, YOUR HANDWRITING IS GORGEOUS.)
WELL, THANK YOU. NOW THE ONLY PROBLEM IS GETTING JUDE TO COME TO IT.
OR GET *IT* TO *JUDE.* WE DON'T EVEN HAVE ANY WAY OF KNOWING WHERE HE *IS* RIGHT NOW.
RING!
THAT'S WEIRD. WHO HAS THIS NUMBER?
RING!

YOU'D KNOW ABOUT ARROGANCE. THAT'S FOR SURE. BUT WHAT WOULD YOU KNOW OF ANGER? YOU SWINGING OUT THERE, SO SURE OF YOURSELF.

ALL YOU SUPER PEOPLE. ALL YOU HAVE IS FROM AN ACCIDENT THAT BROKE YOUR WAY. DO YOU EVER THINK ABOUT THOSE CONSEQUENCES?
I WAS THE PREMIER MIND IN GAMMA SCIENCE. THEN ALONG COMES BANNER. THEN OCTAVIUS. EVEN THAT IDIOT BLONSKY. SUDDENLY, I'M AN EXPERT IN A FIELD THAT MAKES MONSTERS. NO ONE WOULD FUND ME. I SHOULD HAVE BEEN REED RICHARDS, BUT I WAS A PARIAH.


I WORKED MY WHOLE LIFE. I WAS GOING TO CHANGE THE WORLD! BUT GAMMA-SCIENCE CHANGED INSTEAD.
SO I MADE MYSELF A MONSTER TOO. POWERFUL ENOUGH THAT, WHEN MY CHANCE CAME, I COULD CHANGE IT. CHANGE IT ALL. NO MORE HULK. NO MORE INSANE OCTAVIUS. ONLY ME.

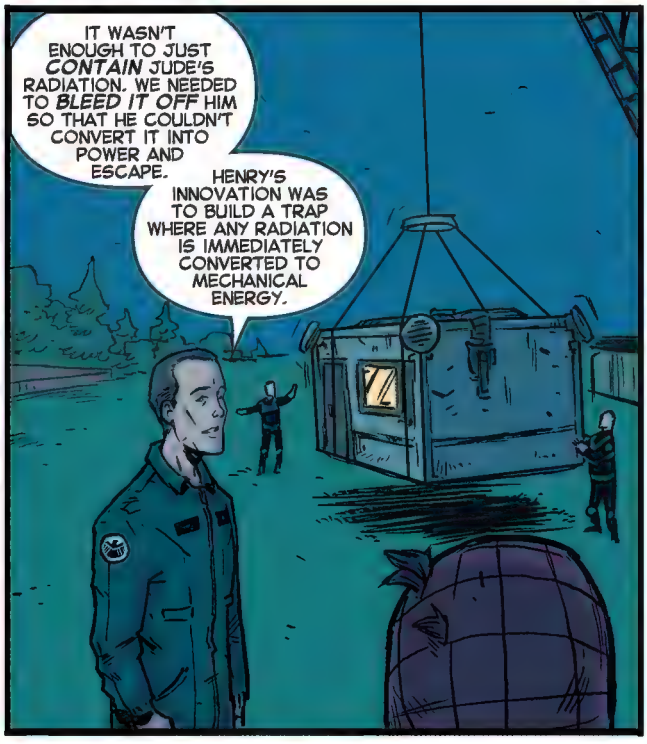
TWO THINGS, JUDE. THE FIRST IS... YOU EMIT MORE THAN JUST GAMMA RADIATION. YOU'RE PAINTING THE ENTIRE SPECTRUM, INCLUDING SHORT-WAVE AND X-RAY.
MORE THAN ENOUGH TO POWER AND CONNECT THIS SMALL RADIO RECEIVER I GINNED UP, AND CONNECT IT TO THE LINE IT'S DIALED INTO.

NUMBER TWO: YOU TALK TOO MUCH.

THEY'VE BEEN LISTENING FOR 20 MINUTES NOW.

WHO HAS BEEN..?

IT WAS HENRY'S IDEA, REALLY.


IT WASN'T ENOUGH TO JUST CONTAIN JUDE'S RADIATION. WE NEEDED TO BLEED IT OFF HIM SO THAT HE COULDN'T CONVERT IT INTO POWER AND ESCAPE.
HENRY'S INNOVATION WAS TO BUILD A TRAP WHERE ANY RADIATION IS IMMEDIATELY CONVERTED TO MECHANICAL ENERGY.

YOUNG HEARTS BE FREE TONIGHT...

THAT RACKET IS MUSIC?
YES. IT'S SORT OF A JOKE.
RIGHT. OF COURSE. I LOVE JOKES. I'M SPIDER-MAN.

DR. BANNER? CAN I SPEAK WITH YOU A MOMENT?
OF COURSE, MR. SUMMERS.
MAYBE SOMEWHERE IN PRIVATE?

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, SON?
PLEASE DON'T TAKE THIS THE WRONG WAY, DR. BANNER, BUT...
WHY DON'T YOU JUST KILL YOURSELF?

WHAT I MEAN IS...WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT ALL THE BAD THINGS THAT HAVE HAPPENED BECAUSE OF THE HULK...ALL THE BAD THINGS THAT *WILL* HAPPEN BECAUSE OF HIM, ALL THE DAMAGE YOU'RE GOING TO DO...
I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT WHAT KEEPS YOU FROM JUST *ENDING* IT?
WELL. OVER THE YEARS I'VE CERTAINLY *THOUGHT* ABOUT IT. OF COURSE I HAVE.
BUT I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S PREVENTED ME MOST RECENTLY: THREE MILLION CHILDREN IN SUB-SAHARAN AFRICA.
SIR?
THOSE ARE THE LIVES THAT WILL BE SAVED BY THE NEW, INEXPENSIVE WATER PURIFICATION SYSTEM I JUST DEVELOPED. MANY, MANY MORE PEOPLE THAN THE HULK EVER HURT. AND THAT'S JUST *THIS* MONTH.
I'VE ADOPTED A NEW PHILOSOPHY: "HULK SMASHES, BANNER BUILDS." BEING DEAD DOESN'T SOLVE ANYTHING. IT DOESN'T ALLOW YOU TO TRY TO BALANCE THE SCALES. IT DOESN'T SAVE THREE MILLION LIVES.
I UNDERSTAND, SCOTT. YOU'VE SEEN THE MAN YOU BECOME AND YOU'RE SCARED OF WHAT YOU MIGHT DO, AND THE PEOPLE YOU MIGHT HURT. BUT WHEN YOU WORRY ABOUT THAT, REMEMBER THIS-- YOU'LL ALSO BE A *HERO*, SCOTT.
AND IF YOU FEEL YOU HAVE A LOT TO ATONE FOR, WELL THEN YOU'RE JUST GOING TO HAVE TO BE AN EVEN *BETTER* ONE.

TRULY EXCELLENT WORK TODAY, DR. MCCOY. I CAN SEE HOW YOU BECAME SUCH A FORMIDABLE SCIENTIST.
THANK YOU, SPIDER-MAN. AND IT'S AN HONOR TO BE COMPLIMENTED BY A MAN OF YOUR CONSIDERABLE KNOWLEDGE. I WONDER, AFTER ALL THIS HULLABALOO, WOULD YOU LIKE TO EXAMINE OUR TIME-MACHINE?
AND THEN IT OCCURS TO ME...WHAT IF I WENT BACK?
WHAT TRAGIC MISSTEPS COULD I RIGHT?
A *NEW* FUTURE, IN WHICH *OTTO OCTAVIUS* GETS CREDIT FOR MY DEEDS, NOT PETER PARKER OR *SPIDER-MAN.*

BUT NO, I KNOW BETTER THAN TO INDULGE IN SUCH FANTASIES. TIME IS NOT TO BE *TRIFLED* WITH. THE ARMS OF THE OCTOPUS ARE LONG, AND I KNOW BETTER THAN TO RETURN TO THEIR GRASP.
THANK YOU, DR. MCCOY, BUT NO.
YOU HAVE NO NEED OF ME AT YOUR SCHOOL. AND I HAVE HIGH HOPES FOR YOUR STUDIES.
THEY'LL DO FINE, THESE YOUNG X-MEN. THEY'VE GOT GREAT APTITUDE FOR THE HARDEST LESSON OF ALL:
HOW TO BE A HERO.
END.

OUR HEROS' STORIES CONTINUE IN...

ALL-NEW X-MEN # 18

INDESTRUCTIBLE HULK #15

SUPERIOR SPIDER-MAN TEAM-UP #6

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